

**A Little Book
of Nonsense**
By **EUGENE FIELD**



PS
1667
L48
1901

MUTUAL BOOK COMPANY
BOSTON & MASSACHUSETTS
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A Little Book of Nonsense

By EUGENE FIELD

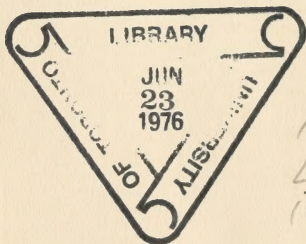


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BOSTON • MASSACHUSETTS
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A Little Book of Nonsense.

FOREWORD

TO the lover of books a keen interest must always attach to the first publication in book form of those writers who have risen from obscurity to high places in the world's esteem. To the lover of what books contain, these publications are not always of such great interest. But in Eugene Field's first book, "The Tribune Primer," we have not only one of the rarest of American books of this century and for its size more valuable than any book printed in America during the past twenty years, but we have in its contents the first indications of the rollicking, roystering boyishness of an author whose humor, pathos, gayety, exquisite grace and tender and delicate feeling has endeared him to an ever-growing host of admirers.

This little book of forty-eight pages, poorly printed and poorly bound, in pink and in blue paper covers, was made up of a selection of drolleries, contributed to the *Denver Tribune*, with which paper Field was associated in an editorial capacity from 1881 to 1883. No date is found on the book, but it was published in 1881. All of the biographies and bibliographies of Field that have come to the writer's notice have stated that the book was published in 1882, but this is an error, and the exact date of its publication was December 15, 1881.

The series of skits as they were originally published in the *Denver Tribune*, began with the issue of Monday, October 10, 1881, and ended with the issue of Monday, December 19, 1881. Each series consisted of from nine to twenty paragraphs, without titles, and each series num-

bered by itself with Roman numerals, and each composed of short sentences, with capital letters liberally employed, imitating the first lessons in reading as they appear in children's primers. Each series bore the general heading "The Tribune Primer," with sub-headings varying with each issue, such as "Tales Designed for the Information and Edification of the Nursery Brigade," "Instructive Nursery Exercises for the Precocious Little Folks," "Pretty Stories for the Pleasure and Profit of Little Children," etc., etc.

In making the selection, from the 152 numbers which originally appeared, of the ninety-four numbers that compose the "Primer" as printed, those of a local nature or which were personal or broad in their application were omitted, as well as the entire series which appeared in the issue on Thanksgiving Day and of course those which appeared on December 19, after the collection was made and published. These we here present in book form for the first time.

In 1882 a selection of twenty of Field's primer parodies was issued in book form in Brooklyn under the name of "The Model Primer," by Fred. Tredwell; each one of the selections being illustrated by "Hop," whose name is said to be L. Hopkins.

Authors' statements about their own books are notoriously inaccurate and unreliable, and Field's statements about this, his first publication, are no exception to this rule. His statement that "The Model Primer" is composed of about half the little paragraphs to be found in "The Tribune Primer"; that the former was published by *Tredway*, and illustrated by *Hoppin*, and that the latter was published in 1882, and several other slips may be noted. And we may reject with safety his statement that the whole number of "The Tribune Primer" printed did not exceed fifty copies. The "Primer" was the second and last of a

projected series called "The Tribune Series," of which the first was "Ingersoll: His Arguments and Methods," by the editor-in-chief of the *Tribune*. The proposed publication of the "Primer" was announced daily for nearly a month before it came out, including several delays caused by press of work in the *Tribune* "job rooms," and when it was published it was announced on the first page of the paper in a quarter of a column notice: "Price, twenty-five cents," "Trade supplied at Special Rates." It is hardly to be believed that so much would have been made of a publication, the gross receipts from which would have been only \$12.50, and we may safely assume that several hundred copies at least of this little book were printed. It is therefore rather extraordinary that notwithstanding its diminutive size, the general frailty of its make-up and the obscurity of its author, that the tempting prices which have of late been offered for this work has not brought to light more than the seven or eight copies known to collectors.

Of the origin of these sketches the story is told — although the writer cannot vouch for it — that on the Sunday evening preceding their first publication, the "printer's devil" was despatched post haste to Field's home for copy, which his happy-go-lucky manner of working had not produced. We may perhaps picture him engaged in what was always nearest and dearest to his heart — the amusement of his children, and perhaps reading to them or more likely composing for them primer sketches which he, on the spur of the moment, parodied for older readers. He has probably expressed his own feelings in the third one of the skits which he then wrote:

"Is this a Sunday? Yes, it is a Sunday. How Peaceful and Quiet it is. But Who is the Man? He does not Look Peaceful. He is a reporter and he is Swearing," etc., etc.

However this may be, the first of the series was dashed

off, and being acceptable were thereafter continued, mostly on Mondays until, as he himself said years after, and as the *Tribune* announced on the day of their last appearance, they were discontinued because the style was being adopted by newspapers all over the country, some twenty "having fallen into the primer line since the *Tribune* set the fashion."

It is the opinion of some and more especially of his devoted friend and admirer, Mr. Francis Wilson, that Field will live, not as a poet or as a humorist, but rather as the author of "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," "Dibdin's Ghost," "Odors which My Books Exhale," and other delightful excursions into the realms of bibliophiles; and if this is to be, it is pleasant to think that his own first book has already become the despair of collectors and one of the most sought after of American first editions.

EDWARD B. MORGAN.

DENVER, COLORADO, November 28, 1900.

A LITTLE BOOK OF NONSENSE

BY EUGENE FIELD

THANKSGIVING TALES

FOR THE PROFIT OF THE NURSERY BRIGADE

I

THIS little Boy looks as if he had On his Father's clothes. Maybe he Has not had Anything to Eat for a Month. He is Sitting on a Stool. He is Waiting for Something. His hands are clasped over his Stomach. Can he be Waiting for his Thanksgiving Dinner? What a Queer little Boy to Wait so Patiently. If he were to Cry, he would get his Dinner Sooner, wouldn't he?

II

IN the Tureen there are two Gallons of Soup and Eleven Cove oysters. Do not Be Afraid. The Soup is Pretty Hot, but it will not Burn you. If it is too Hot, you can Spit it out on the Carpet. Do you like Cove oysters? They are Baby oysters Taken out of the Shell before they are Hatched. Some People dry them and use them for Gun Wads. They are much more Digestible than solé leather.

III

WHAT a Big Fat Turkey it is! It must have eaten lots of Worms and Caterpillars to be so Fat. It is Stuffed with nice Stuffing made of Old Crusts and spoiled Biscuits. The Gravy looks Quite Tempting. It does not Look like Tobacco Juice, does it? The Innards of the Turkey have been Chopped up and are in the Gravy. Unless the Cook was very Careful while Chopping up the Innards, there is

a Piece of her Finger in the Gravy, too. Will you Try some of the Turkey? Take a Drum Stick, the Pope's Nose, a Side Bone, the Neck, some of the Breast and the Wishbone. If that is not Enough, ask Mamma please Can you have some More.

IV

THE vegetables smell good. Two or three of these Onions would make you Stronger. Suppose you Try some of the Turnip and Squash. Pickled Beets are also Good to Eat just before going to Bed. The mashed Potato is healthy when There are no Potato Bugs in it. They are very Plenty this Year. Will you put Some Jelly on Your Bread? How Mad it would Make your Big sister Jenny to Tip the Jelly over in her lap. Suppose you Try it as a Joke.

V

HERE we Have Some Venison. It may Taste a trifle Venerable for it has been hanging Up in the Shed for Several Weeks. But Papa says it is not Fly Blown, and Everything Goes on thanksgiving Day. Once the Venison was a little Deer and lived in the Mountains. A man Caught it and Hung it up on a Tree and cut its poor little Throat and let it Bleed to Death. What a Bad Man. Perhaps the Deer's baby deers are crying for their Mamma who will Never come.

VI.

THE Hired Girl is bringing on the Pudding and it is a Daisy. We mean the Pudding. It is full of Plums. Make Mamma give you a Big Piece of the Pudding with Ever so many Plums in it. If we Were you, we would Swallow the Plums whole and Then they will stay By You longer. When you have Eaten the Pudding, pick your little Dish up and Drink the Sauce.

VII

THERE are Three Kinds of Pie—Cocoanut Pie, Lemon Pie and Mince Pie. They are the Only Kinds of Pie little children should Eat. You will do Well to Try them All. As much Pie as Possible under the circumstances would be Proper. The best way to Eat Pie is to Take it up in your Fingers. This is Liable to make Pretty little Spots on your Shirt Front. Do you suppose by Trying Hard you could Slip a Piece of the Lemon Pie into your Pocket to Eat after you go to Bed to-night ?

VIII

OH, what Beautiful fruit ! Apples, Oranges, Bananas, Grapes, Pears and Figs ! Make a Grab for them or you May not Get any. Good little children Eat grapes, skin and all. I wonder if the Figs have Worms in them. But never Mind: this is no Time for Questions. Your Mamma says Orange Juice will Stain your Frock, but it Will Not. What Fun it would be to Squirt some Orange Juice in the Dear Little Baby's Eyes !

IX

AHA, here Comes the Ice Cream. About two Plates apiece will be Enough for the Children. Ice Cream is Funny Stuff. You eat it and feel it in your Eye. When you have Eaten all you Want, you will Find it right Jolly to Pick the Ice Cream up in your Fingers and Paddle it Around in your Tumbler of Water.

X

HERE we Have the Nuts. They are good for Children. Crack them with your Teeth. Be sure to Drop the Shells on the Floor for the Cat to Eat. Do not Forget to put a Good Many in your Pocket for the Poor Little blind Girl who Lives around the Corner.

XI

THIS little Boy looks too Big for his Clothes. He must have been Measured when he Had the Ague. Mamma will Have to take off His Vest with a Button Hook to-night. What makes the Boy so pale? He has his Hands gathered together over his Diaphragm. Is the Boy Sick? The Boy is Sick. Maybe he has Swallowed something that does not Agree with Him.

XII

WHO is the Man coming through the Door? He is the Doctor. This is the Worst Symptom of the Boy's Illness we have Seen yet. How can the Boy get Well now? The Doctor asks Mamma how the Boy is. Mamma is crying. The Doctor says he can Fix the Boy.

XIII

THE Doctor has Fixed the Boy.

XIV

HERE we have a Cemetery. Can you see the Little grave Stone over there? It is very Cute. There must be a Boy Planted somewhere Near it. Wouldn't you Like to be Planted under a Cute little Stone like That? Unless you do Justice to your Dinner to-day you cannot Hope for such a Reward of Merit.

AN EPITAPH

HERE lies the body of Mary Ann
 Who rests in the bosom of Abraham.
 It's all very nice for Mary Ann,
 But it's mighty tough on Abraham.

JAMES AND REGINALD

ONCE upon a Time there was a Bad boy whose Name was Reginald and there was a Good boy whose Name was James. Reginald would go Fishing when his Mamma told him Not to, and he Cut off the Cat's Tail with the Bread Knife one Day, and then told Mamma the Baby had Driven it in with the Rolling Pin, which was a Lie. James was always Obedient, and when his Mamma told him not to Help an old Blind Man across the street or Go into a Dark Room where the Boogies were, he always Did What She said. That is why they Called him Good James. Well, by and by, along Came Christmas. Mamma said, You have been so Bad, my son Reginald, you will not Get any Presents from Santa Claus this Year ; but you, my Son James, will get Oodles of Presents, because you have Been Good. Will you Believe it, Children, that Bad boy Reginald said he didn't Care a Darn and he Kicked three Feet of Veneering off the Piano just for Meanness. Poor James was so sorry for Reginald that he cried for Half an Hour after he Went to Bed that Night. Reginald lay wide Awake until he saw James was Asleep and then he Said if these people think they can Fool me, they are Mistaken. Just then Santa Claus came down the Chimney. He had Lots of Pretty Toys in a Sack on his Back. Reginald shut his Eyes and Pretended to be Asleep. Then Santa Claus Said, Reginald is Bad and I will not Put any nice Things in his Stocking. But as for you, James, I will Fill your Stocking Plumb full of Toys, because You are Good. So Santa Claus went to Work and Put, Oh ! heaps and Heaps of Goodies in James' stocking but not a Sign of a Thing in Reginald's stocking. And then he Laughed to himself and Said I guess Reginald will be Sorry to-morrow because he Was so Bad. As he said this he Crawled up

the chimney and rode off in his Sleigh. Now you can Bet your Boots Reginald was no Spring Chicken. He just Got right Straight out of Bed and changed all those Toys and Truck from James' stocking into his own. Santa Claus will Have to Sit up all Night, said He, when he Expects to get away with my Baggage. The next morning James got out of Bed and when He had Said his Prayers he Limped over to his Stocking, licking his chops and Carrying his Head as High as a Bull going through a Brush Fence. But when he found there was Nothing in his stocking and that Reginald's Stocking was as Full as Papa Is when he comes home Late from the Office, he Sat down on the Floor and began to Wonder why on Earth he had Been such a Good boy. Reginald spent a Happy Christmas and James was very Miserable. After all, Children, it Pays to be Bad, so Long as you Combine Intellect with Crime.

A LADY

HERE we have a Lady. She was at a Party last Night, and the Paper spoke of her as the Amiable and Accomplished Wife of our Respected Fellow Citizen. Our Respected Fellow Citizen is now as Full as a Tick, and his Amiable and Accomplished Wife is Walloping him with the Rolling Pin. The lady appears to be more Accomplished than Amiable.

A BOODLE POLITICIAN

IS this a Picture of an Actress? No, it is a Picture of a Boodle Politician. Is it not Beautiful? The left Eye is Closed. It must be Tired. He is Sitting on a Barrel. It must be a Barrel of Jam. Would you like to get your Little Hand into the Barrel? We Would.

A BUSY MAN

THIS Man is very Busy. He is Pushed for Time. He looks as if he had more on his Hands than he could accomplish. We feel Sorry for him. He has an Important Engagement to Keep, and he is Hurrying up Matters to Meet it. He is to be Hung at Noon to-morrow.

THE AWFUL BUGABOO

THERE was an awful Bugaboo
Whose Eyes were Red and Hair was Blue ;
His Teeth were Long and Sharp and White
And he went Prowling 'round at Night.

A little Girl was Tucked in Bed,
A pretty Night Cap on her Head ;
Her Mamma heard her Pleading Say,
" Oh, do not Take the Lamp away ! "

But Mamma took away the Lamp
And oh, the Room was Dark and Damp ;
The little Girl was Scared to Death —
She did not Dare to Draw her Breath.

And all Once the Bugaboo
Came Rattling down the Chimney Flue ;
He Perched upon the little Bed
And scratched the Girl until she bled.

He drank the Blood and Scratched again —
The little Girl cried out in Vain —
He picked Her up and Off he Flew —
This Naughty, Naughty Bugaboo !

So, children, when in Bed to-night,
Don't let them Take away the Light,
Or else the Awful Bugaboo
May come and Fly away with You !

A TALE OF LOVE

THE young Man is Reading a Letter and seems Deeply Agitated. Maybe it is a Letter from his Sweet Heart, and she has Given him the Grand Bounce. How his Breast Heaves and how his Heart must Throb under his Celluloid Shirt Front. The Letter is from His Tailor. Let us not Invade the Secrecy of the poor Young man's Grief.

A SEWING MACHINE

HERE is a Sewing Machine. It was Made for little Children to Play with. Put your Feet on the Treadles and Make the Wheels go round Fast. See how the Thread unwinds and the Needle bobs up and down! This is Lots of Fun. Do not Deny baby the privilege of Putting his Fat little Finger under the Needle. It will Make pretty holes in the Finger and give Baby something to occupy his Attention for a Long time.

PAPA'S WATCH

HERE we have Papa's watch. There is a Fairy in the Watch. Would you Like to Hear her Sing? If you will Drop the Watch on the Floor, the Fairy in the Watch will Sing the Prettiest little Song you ever Heard and all the Wheels will Buzz just as Funny as can Be. When papa Comes home and finds the Fairy has been Singing, maybe he will Ask you to Step out into the Woodshed with him on a Matter of Business.

THE REPORTER

WHAT is that I see? That, my Child, is the *News* Interviewer, and he is now Interviewing a Man. But where is the Man? I can see no Man. The Man, my Child, is in his Mind.

THE MOLASSES JUG

HERE is a Molasses jug. It is Full of Molasses. How many Flies are there in the Molasses? That is a Hard one to Answer. Those flies will Look Proud spread out on Sister Lucy's buckwheat Cakes in the Morning. But Lucy will not Care. She will pick them out of the Molasses with her Taper Fingers, and Wipe them on the Bottom of her Chair. But if her Beau were there she would Yell and say, Oh, how Horrid. The strength of a Woman's Stomach depends Largely on the surroundings.

A RECHERCHE AFFAIR

THIS is a Recherche Affair. Recherche Affairs are sometimes Met with in Parlors and Ball Rooms but more Generally in the Society Department of Newspapers. A Recherche Affair is an Affair where the Society Editor is invited to the Refreshment Table. When the Society Editor is told his Room is Better than his Company, the Affair is not Recherche.

THE ADMIRAL

WHO is the Man? The Man is Admiral McLean and he is getting Ready to Sing. Can the Admiral Sing? Those who have heard him Say he Can Not. Has he ever Sung a Song Through? Nobody can Tell. Why can Nobody Tell? Because every Body walks Away when he Begins for to Sing.

A CENTRAL CITY EDITOR

IS this an Ass? No, this is the Editor of a paper at Central City. Oh, what a Mistake! No, my Child, the Mistake was a Natural one. You would not Insult an Ass, would you?

IN THE GLOAMING

MABEL is sitting at the Piano, and she is Singing a Song. The Song Says he is Waiting for Her in the Gloaming. Mabel appears to be giving herself Dead Away. He is Not Waiting for her In the Gloaming at all. He has just Drawn a bobtail Flush, and he is Wondering whether he had Better Pull out or stand in on a Bluff. Mabel would Touch a Responsive Chord in his Bosom if she were to Sing take Back the Hand which thou Gavest.

A RAILROAD BUILDER

WHO is the old man I see? The old man is a Railroad Builder, and his brow is clouded. Why is his brow clouded? It is clouded because this is Monday and he cannot build any railroad track. Why can he not build railroad track on Monday? Because he is pious and remembers the Sabbath day to keep everybody he can hire wholly—busy. He only builds on Sunday. This is the reason he is so much respected in saloons and other mercantile establishments.

MAJOR ANDRE

MAJOR ANDRE was a British officer. Benedict Arnold hired him for Four Dollars a day to go as Spy into the American Camp and hear the News. He carried important Papers in his Boots, and, upon being Arrested by the Americans, the Papers were found. Then they said they would hang him. He was sorry for what he had Done and Said he was going to Heaven. He fell with a Dull, Sickening Thud. They are going to Build a Monument to him, not because he did Wrong, but because he got Caught.

THE REPORTER ON SUNDAY

IS this a Sunday? Yes, it is a Sunday. How Peaceful and Quiet it is. But Who is the Man? He does not Look Peaceful. He is a reporter and he is Swearing. What makes him Swear? Because he has to Work on Sunday? Oh, no! He is Swearing because he has to Break the Fourth Commandment. It is a sad thing to be a Reporter.

A PROUD BIRD

HERE we have a Senator. He is a Proud Bird. He has been Renominated and he is Happy. And who is the Bird with the Senator? It is one of his constituents. Is he Happy? Yes, he too is Happy because the Senator is Happy. But not too Happy. Just Happy Enough.

A ROMANCE

A CALM, delightful autumn night ;
 A moon's mysterious, misty light ;
 A maiden at her window height,

In proper robe of fleecy white.

The little wicket gate ajar ;
 A lover tripping from afar,
 With tuneful voice and light guitar,
 To woo his radiant guiding star.

The lute gave forth a plaintive twang —
 Oh, how that doting lover sang !
 A bull-dog with invidious fang —
 A nip, a grip, and then a pang !

A maiden swooning in affright,
 A lover in a piteous plight,
 A canine quivering with delight —
 A wild delirious autumn night !

A FIRE

IS this a fire? No, it is not a fire. It is the Judge of the County Court. Why did you think it was a fire? Because it looked so Red. The Judge is a Nice Man. He writes Articles about the Governor. You must not Mistake Him for a Fire again. But you may Compare him with the Warm, Sensuous glow of a Neapolitan Sun-set.

A. B. C.

A STANDS for Apple, so hard and so Green —
B stands for Boy who is going away —
C stands for colic that Soon will be seen —
D stands for Devil that's shortly to pay.

THE MOON

THE Moon is a Satellite. A Satellite is a Sort of Associate Editor. It revolves around Somebody Else and gets full on Four Quarters. The Moon is a great Way from the Earth. It would Take a Street Car 16,000,000,239 years to Make the Distance. A Snail could Make it in half that Time. Break a piece of Glass out of Mamma's mirror, Smoke it over the Lamp, and look at the Moon through it.

A CHICAGO PAPA

A CHICAGO Papa is so Mean he Wont let his Little Baby have More than One Measle at a time.

AN HONEST VOTER

IF a poor but honest voter chases a reformer four blocks in ten hours, how many blocks will he have to go to catch him? This depends altogether on the location of the Bank.

COMING STYLES

SLIPPERS should be worn High on Bad little Boys this Winter.

Fashionable Corns are to be Trimmed with Steel-Blue Razors this Season.

Red Pepper worn on Hot Stoves continues to Create quite a Sensation in the Best Social Circles.

AMERICA

WHY is this great and glorious country called America? Principally because that is its name. Can you bound it? No, because it is a republic and will not be bound.

THE TOWEL

IS this a Corner Lot? No, it is a Towel. It has Been serving an Apprenticeship in a Printing Office for the past Four Years. The horses are Dragging it Away. A man will Take an Ax and Break the Towel into Pieces and Boil it for Soap Grease. Then he will sell the Towel for Tripe. If you find a Piece of Tripe with a Monogram in one Corner, you may Know it is the Towel.

PAPA'S PIPE

IS it a Pipe? Yes, it is Papa's Pipe and it Has not been Cleaned out for Four months. It is full of Ashes and Spit. It would not Hurt the Pipe if you were to Take several good long Sucks at it.

THE SENATOR

WHAT is that Walking along the Street? That, my Son, is a State Senator. Will you not Tell me all About it? No, my Son, you are too Young to hear Scandal.

THE POLICEMAN

DO not Make a Noise or you will Wake the Policeman !
 He is Sitting on the Door Step asleep. It is very
 Hard on him to Have to Sleep out of Doors these
 Cold Nights. There is a Bank being Robbed around the
 Corner and a Woman is being killed in the next Block. If
 the Policeman Waked up, he might Find it out and Arrest
 somebody. Some people Believe this is what Policemen
 are for, but the Policemen do not Think so.

MAMMA'S TOOTH-BRUSH

MAMMA'S Tooth-brush is on the Bureau. Suppose
 we scrub out the Sink with it. Then Mamma
 will wonder what she has Eaten to give her such a
 Bad Breath. She will Think the Tooth-brush has been
 Sitting up with a Corpse.

THE STEAM PRESS

IS this Not a Beautiful steam Press? The Steam is
 Lying Down on the Floor taking a Nap. He came
 from Africa and is Seventy years Old. The press
 Prints Papers. It can Print nine hundred papers an Hour.
 It takes One hour and Forty Minutes to Print the Edition
 of the Paper. The paper has a circulation of Thirty-seven
 Thousand. The Business Manager says So.

A CANDIDATE

DO you see that Candidate over There? He is stand-
 ing still. He is a Democratic Candidate. If he
 were a Republican he Would be Running. Demo-
 cratic Candidates are not real Candidates. They can not
 Run. They do not even Walk. When you are very
 Tired and Want to rest you ought to Become a Democratic
 Candidate.

THE EDITOR

THIS is an Editorial Writer. He is Writing a Thoughtful Piece about the Degeneracy of the Age. He talks about the good old Times when Men were Manly and Youthful Breasts were Pregnant with Chivalry. By and by he Will go Home and Lick his wife for not Cutting up enough Cord Wood for the kitchen Fire in the Morning, and he will Spit tobacco all over his daughter Esther's new silk Gown.

A GREENBACKER

HERE we have a Greenbacker. He seems Troubled about Something. He is Troubled about the National Debt. He is Grieving because the Country of his Nativity owes one Billion Dollars. The other Man around the Corner is a Grocery Man. He, too, is Troubled, but he is not Worrying about the National Debt. Oh, no. He is Worrying about the one Dollar and Forty cents the Greenbacker owes him.

PROBLEMS

IF you are good at addition, put down a column of figures, five figures in a row, and the sum will represent the age of Clara Louise Kellogg.

Suppose a man with a bottle of whiskey were to set down the bottle and carry the whiskey, what would the result be?

If one gallon of coal oil will blow up a kitchen stove, how much Kansas City gin is required to make a man feel like a barn afire?

If a Pueblo bed bug can travel seventy rods in one hour, when there is nothing ahead to encourage him, how many miles will he travel in ten minutes to meet a fat man from Cheyenne?

A NEW STORY

WHO was George Washington? He was Mrs. Washington's little Boy. One Day he went out in the Orchard and got the Hired Man to chop down a cherry tree. "Who has done this Deed?" asked George's mother that Very Afternoon. There was Blood in the Old Lady's Eye. In order not to get fired, the Hired Man gave George two marbles and a Top to say he Did it. "Mamma," said George, "I cannot Tell a Lie. I Done it with the Ax." Whereupon his Mother complimented him on his Truthfulness, but gave him One in the Neck for using Bad Grammar.

MISS HORTENSE

MISS HORTENSE is working a Beautiful Piece of Embroidery. It is a Motto in Green and Gold. It asks What is Home without a Mother. When Miss Hortense gets it Done, she will Give it to her Beau, who Tends a Dry Goods counter. You cannot see Miss Hortense's Mother. She is in the Back Yard doing the Week's Washing. By and by she will be Bringing in Coal for the Parlor Stove, because Miss Hortense's beau is Coming to-night.

AN AWFUL SIGHT

OH, what an awful Sight! It is the Editor of the Colorado Springs *Gazette*. He has Long, White Teeth and there is Blood on his gums. He is a Bad Man and he has just Eaten a Poor Little Baby. He is trying to get the Capital Removed. If he gets the Capital Removed, he will Eat a Poor Little Baby every Day. You must Tell your Dear Papa not to Vote to have the Capital Removed.

THE CAT CAME BACK

HERE we have a Dornick and a Cat. The Cat is Approaching the Well. She thinks there is a Mouse there. Suppose we approach the well with the Dornick. There is no Mouse as we Can See. Perhaps the Mouse is at the Bottom of the Well. Let us Hitch the Dornick to the Cat and Put Them in the Well. Then the Cat will not Come back without the Mouse.

ADVICE TO THE CHILDREN

OH, children you Must never chew
Tobacco — it is Awful !
The Juice will Quickly make you Sick,
If once you get your Maw Full.
— *S. J. Tilden.*

A NAUGHTY MAMMA

BENNIE is Lying in the Cradle and he is Crying. He is Crying because Mamma will not give him The Moon. What a Naughty Mamma not to Give her little Boy the Moon ! But Mamma does not care how much Bennie Cries. She has a Son, and the Moon can go to Thunder.

THE FISH

SEE the Fish. The Fish is a Trout and Breathes through his Ears. He lives in the Brook and May be if you try you can Catch him. Any little Boy who catches so many measles ought to be Able to Catch one little Fish. The Trout Weighs four Ounces, but you can say he weighs four Pounds. Do not call him a Speckled Beauty or you will be Shot. Eat him, Head, Tail, Inwards and All, and get a little Bone in your Throat if you Can.

THE WIND MILL

SEE the Wind Mill. It is a Pretty Sight. It has Sails that go Round and Round and Make a Noise like the Whirring of a bird's wings. The Wind Mill Looks Sad. It has had Hard Luck. It used to be a Democratic politician and Furnish Enthusiasm for Arapahoe county Campaigns. But Wind will not Run a Campaign and so the Wind Mill lost its Job. And now it Stands out on a Bleak Prairie and Hauls water out of the Cold, hard Earth for a living. Any Kind of Honest Labor is awful rough on a Democrat, but Having Anything to Do with Water breaks him All Up.

AN INTENSELY EXCITING SENSATION

IS this a Cemetery? No, it is a Picture of Pueblo during the Busy Season. Do you see the Man Patting the Dog on the Back and Promising him a Bone if he will lie Down and Go to Sleep again? That is What they Call an Intensely Exciting Sensation in Pueblo. The Earth is going to Live five hundred Million years Longer, and Pueblo expects to Be the State Capital before the End of that Time. You will not Live to see it the Capital — or, at least, you ought to Hope Not.

A BRASS FOUNDRY

IS this a Brass Foundry? No, it is a Travelling Man. He carries big Trunks all over the Country and Makes Love to Dining room Girls. He has Been all Over and Under Europe and Taken in all the Great Masters. He has Scoured the Alps clean. He can Tell more Smutty Stories than a Politician, and he can get Bilin' slower on More Liquor than any Government official. The best Way to get along with the Travelling men is to get along Without them.

THE BUGABOO

D ID you ever see a Bugaboo? Ask Mamma to Blow out the Light to-night after you Go to Bed and Let you See a Bugaboo. It has a Big Voice like a Bear, and its Claws are as long as a Knife. It will Bite Good Little Children and Run off with them to the Cold Dark Woods where they can Never see Mamma any More. If you are Good, Beware of Bugaboos.

BABY AND I

B ABY and I in the weary night
 Are taking a walk for his delight ;
 I drowsily stumble o'er stool and chair
 And clasp the babe with grim despair,
 For he's got the colic
 And paregoric
 Don't seem to ease my squalling heir.

Baby and I in the morning gray
 Are griping and squalling and walking away —
 The fire's gone out and I nearly freeze —
 There's a smell of peppermint on the breeze.
 Then Mamma wakes
 And baby takes
 And says, "Now cook the breakfast, please."

A TALE OF WOE

A HUNGRY Cat —	Ferocious Jaws —
A foolish Rat.	Remorseless Claws.
A lively Run —	A dying Squeal —
Exciting Fun.	A hearty Meal.
Alas, poor Rat !	
O happy Cat !	

THE PRINTER

HAS the Printer tobacco? He has But he will not Tell you So. He carries it in the Leg of his Boot and when he wants a Chew he Sneaks down in the Back Alley where Nobody can See him. When he Spits tobacco, it Sounds like a Duck diving in the Water. The printer is a Queer man. He is a Fickle person. Sometimes he has Ten thousand Ems on the string, but they are Always his Dupes. If you are a Printer, Do not Be a Blacksmith or you will get Fired.



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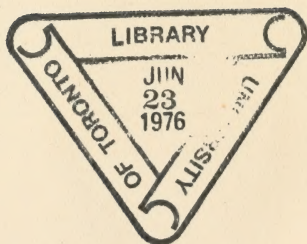
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